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POETRY.

THE FREED BIRD.

Return, return, my bird!
I have dressed thy cage with flowers,
Tis lovely as a violet bank,
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me, the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath flowers and bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore,
I am free, I am free, I return no more!

Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blessed in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell."

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torment rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of the sudden joy,
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar,
Woo me not back, I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar—away!"

Farewell, farewell; thou bird!
I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy like thee to part,
Like thee that wert all my own.

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free:
They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven,
Farewell! With my song through clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies, I am earth's no more!"

[BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Christ is the physician of his people; he feels their pulse every moment; and, as he sees fit, administers cordials or bitter potions: his infinite wisdom sees, that sometimes they need the one, and sometimes the other. Suppose there was a poor man, who was very ill; and a physician kindly gave him his advice and medicines gratis; would he not take even the most bitter and nauseous draughts with thankfulness? O that we could act thus to that kind physician who acts thus to us! and who never administers a potion, but with the utmost reason and propriety.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN HUSS, THE REFORMER.

John Huss was the first martyr abroad for the Reformation. He was born at a village called Hussinez, near Prague, in Bohemia, about the year 1376. His parents were not rich, but his father paid great attention to his education, which he improved by strong mental capacities, and close application to study in the university, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor in Divinity, in 1408. During the course of his university honours at Prague, he obtained a benefice. John Mulheim, a person of large fortune, erected a chapel, which he called Bethlehem; and having amply endowed it, appointed Huss, minister, who at that time was a Catholic. The opinions of Wycliffe, though extending, had not then reached Bohemia. Queen Anne, wife of Richard II. king of England, was daughter to the emperor Charles IV. and sister to the king of Bohemia, and had strongly patronised Wycliffe; and at her death several of her attendants returning into Bohemia, carried with them many of Wycliffe's books, which were read with much avidity, and tended greatly to promote the cause of the Reformation. Huss having, about this time, perused the writings of Wycliffe, through the medium of a young Bohemian nobleman, his mind was greatly impressed by them; and he spoke of Wycliffe as an angel sent from heaven to enlighten mankind, and often mentioned his meeting with the works of that reformer as the most fortunate circumstance of his life.

From this time, both in the schools, and in the pulpit, Huss spoke with great warmth against ecclesiastical abuses; pointed out the bad government of the church, and the worse lives of the clergy; and lamented the state of the people who were under the government of the one, and the influence of the other. By this means he attracted much attention, and his followers became numerous, amongst whom were many members of the university. The works of Wycliffe were translated into the Sclavonian tongue, and read with great earnestness in every part of Bohemia. As soon as pope Alexander V. was seated in the chair, observing the diffusion of protestant principles and writings, he issued a bull directed to the archbishop of Prague, ordering him to collect all the writings of Wycliffe, and to apprehend and imprison his followers. By virtue of that bull, the archbishop condemned the writings of Wycliffe, proceeded against four doctors who had not delivered up their copies, and prohibited them from again preaching. Huss, with some other members of the university protested against these measures; and in June, 1410, entered a new appeal from the sentence of the archbishop.

This affair was carried before pope John XXIII., who succeeded Alexander, and he cited Huss to appear personally at Rome. Huss requested to be excused from attending, and appointed three proctors to appear for him, who apologized for his absence, but expressed their willingness to answer on his behalf, but cardinal Colonna declared Huss contumacious, and excommunicated him.

The proctors next appealed to the pope, who appointed certain cardinals to draw up a process of the whole matter, and they not only confirmed the sentence of Colonna, but carrying it further, excommunicated not only Huss, but all his friends and disciples. This treatment had no tendency to lessen the popularity of Huss. His sufferings increased his influence; and multitudes of all ranks, either impelled by gratitude or compassion, hastened to enlist themselves in his cause. Thus supported, he did not despond; and although he was pro-

hibited from preaching, he continued to discharge every other branch of his pastoral office; and amongst other plans, gave out questions which he encouraged the people to discuss in private, and to come to him with their difficulties. Thus disappointed and chagrined, the archbishop convened a council of doctors, who drew up and published some articles against Huss and his adherents, to which he wrote a spirited and judicious reply. Soon after this, Huss published another piece against the usurpations of the court of Rome. The archbishop and council next applied to the pope for assistance, who merely recommended the subject to the king of Bohemia. The letters which Huss wrote at this time are numerous. He justified Wycliffe's book on the Trinity, and defended the character of that reformer. He also wrote many discourses against the peculiar doctrines of the Catholic church.

In 1412, Huss left his retirement at Hussinez, and returned to Prague. Pope John XXIII. at this time published a bull against the king of Naples, ordering a crusade against him, and granting indulgences. The populace espoused the opinions of Huss, the magistrates imprisoned and persecuted them, and a massacre ensued. Immediately after this melancholy affair, Huss retired to his native place, where he lived protected by the principal persons of the country. Thither some of the most eminent men of every nation resorted, to obtain his assistance and advice. During his retreat at Hussinez, he spent much of his time in writing. There he wrote his "Treatise upon the Church," and also his work entitled "The Six Errors" which he caused to be fixed upon the church of Bethlehem. But though Huss so far agreed with Wycliffe, that he opposed the tyranny and corruptions of the pope and his clergy, yet he did not advance so far as our English reformer. They were not of the same opinion with regard to the eucharist; nor did Huss ever oppose the real presence, and transubstantiation, as Wycliffe did.

In November, 1414, a general council was assembled at Constance, in Germany, (which was the greatest ever held) * to determine, amongst other matters, the dispute concerning papacy, which was then assumed by three persons, who all appeared under the character of popes! What an idea does this give us of the infallibility of St. Peter's successors! Huss was summoned to appear at this council, and to encourage him, the emperor sent him a safe conduct, giving him permission freely to

* This Council was one of the most important events of the 15th century. According to lists made by the emperor's order, there were above 100,000 foreigners in and about the city. Not a kingdom, and scarcely a city in Europe, but had its ambassadors or deputies there. Ten popes by turns presided in it. There were 30 cardinals, 27 archbishops, 206 bishops, 33 titular bishops, above 150 other prelates, and 203 abbots. The pope and cardinals had 123 attorneys, and 273 proctors, with each a man to wait on him; there were 444 doctors of divinity and law, besides their servants, exclusive of 65 heralds at arms. The retinue of the laity was numerous in proportion. There were 128 counts, 600 barons, above 600 gentlemen, and 23,000 knights and military officers, with their servants. There were 86 farriers, 88 carpenters and blacksmiths, 65 apothecaries, 1600 barbers, 242 bankers, 48 goldsmiths, 122 shoemakers, 228 tailors, (all masters,) with the journeymen of each, 300 vintners and victuallers, with their drawers, 505 musicians, 718 common harlots, (which another list taken from the Vienna manuscript makes 1500) 346 jugglers, and stage players. This council lasted 4 years, and consisted of 45 sessions.

come to, and return from, the council. But it was *honourably* determined by these men, that "faith is not to be kept with heretics,"—and therefore Huss was no sooner arrived than he was committed prisoner to a chamber in the palace.

The nobility of Bohemia and Poland strongly interceded for Huss, and so far prevailed that he was not condemned unheard, as had been previously resolved upon. When he appeared before the council, and the articles were read, he freely acknowledged them; but a great many false and frivolous accusations were raised against him, which he refuted with a manly eloquence. He was afterwards taken from the court and committed to a filthy prison, where in the day-time he was heavily laden with fetters, and every night he was fastened by the hands to a rack against the wall.

Four bishops and two lords were sent by the emperor to prevail on Huss to make a recantation. But he called God to witness, with tears in his eyes, that he was not conscious of having preached, or written any thing against the truth. The deputies then represented the great wisdom and authority of the council: "Let them," said Huss, "send the meanest of that council who can convince me by arguments from the word of God, and I will submit my judgment to him."

On the 7th of July, the council censured him for being an obstinate and incorrigible heretic, and ordered, "that he be degraded from the priesthood, his book publicly burnt, and himself delivered to the secular power." He heard the sentence without emotion, and kneeling down with his eyes lifted towards heaven, and with all the spirit of a primitive martyr, he said, "May thy infinite mercy, O God, pardon this injustice of my enemies, and let that mercy which no tongue can express, prevail with thee not to avenge my wrongs." The bishops then strip him of his priestly garments, and put a mitre of paper on his head, on which devils were painted, with this inscription, "A Ringleader of Heretics," and afterwards sent him to the emperor, who delivered him to the duke of Bavaria. His books were burnt at the gate of the church, and he was led to the suburbs of the city to be burnt alive. When he came to the place of execution, he fell on his knees, sung portions of psalms, looked steadfastly towards heaven, and repeated these words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit." When the chain was put about him at the stake, he said with a smiling countenance, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this, for my sake, and why then should I be ashamed of this old rusty one?" When the faggots were piled up to his very neck, the duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure: "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I taught with my lips I will seal with my blood." He said to the executioner, "You are going to burn a *goose** now, but in a century you will have a *swan* which you can neither roast nor boil." If he was prophetic, he must have meant Luther, to whom his words were applied, and who had a swan for his arms. The flames were then applied to the faggots, when the martyr sang a hymn with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through the crackling of the combustibles and the noise of the multitude. At last his voice was interrupted, and he was consumed in a most miserable manner.—The duke of Bavaria ordered the executioner to throw all the martyr's clothes into the flames, after which his ashes were carefully gathered together, and cast into the Rhine.

Huss was a true Christian. Gentle and condescending to the opinions of others, this amiable pattern of virtue was strict only in principles. A Bohemian jesuit, who was far from being favourable to Huss, but had the best opportunity of being acquainted with his real character, describes him thus; "He was more subtle than eloquent, but the gravity and austerity of his manners, his frugal and exemplary life, his pale and meagre countenance, his sweetness of temper, and his uncommon affability towards persons of all ranks, were much more persuasive than any eloquence could be." His writings were simple, pious, affectionate, and intelligent. Luther said, he was most rational expounder of the scriptures he had ever met with. He wrote many treatises which were collected and published at Nuremberg, in 1558.

* Huss, in the language of his country, signifies *goose*.

Every act of compliance with sin facilitates a second compliance, and every step to depravity is made with less reluctance; and thus the descent to a life merely sensual is perpetually accelerating.

CRITIC.

REMARKS ON DIFFERENT KINDS OF PREACHING.

FLORID PREACHING.

In no work are there more beauties than in the word of God. These are simple, natural, sublime; and I really wonder, that with such a treasure-house to go to, and with such models before their eyes; with such writers as David, Isaiah, and St. Paul, in their hands, some of our pulpit men should make such "poor, stale, flat, and unprofitable" work. Nature must have designed them for any thing but what they are. In scripture, how sublime are the descriptions of the Deity! What heart can refuse to feel and to burn, when we hear that "Jehovah rode upon a cherub, and did fly;" or "that he walketh on the wings of the wind?" These beauties lie so thick, that they cannot be enumerated; they form not single constellations, but a complete galaxy of glory. And shall we, with these celestial beauties in our eye, shall we talk of death, of judgment, of heaven, and hell, of the uncreated majesty, of infinite love, of eternal blessedness; shall we speak, and write on these subjects, and never feel a glow? It cannot be, if we have a spark of piety, or a spark of taste. You will require, however, much judgment, to prevent you from running to extremes. It will not do to be all beauty. Though flowers are scattered over creation, there is a substratum of pleasure, but not of dazzling green. This must be the character of your style, it must *never* sink below mediocrity; it ought *occasionally*, to rise above it. There is a strong tendency in the young mind to make use of figures, and indeed, to suppose that there is no beauty without them. This, however, is a great mistake. Figures of whatever kind, are frequently the drapery of poetry, and rhetoric, but are by no means essential to them. The constituents of poetry are feeling, melody, and simplicity. To perceive this, take a stanza from one of Dr. Doddridge's Hymns. When describing the future blessedness of the righteous, he says:

"No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, nor clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

On examining the above stanza, you will find that the first three lines contains nothing but negatives, and that the last line, which alone could be said to describe any positive property, is made up of the simple idea of noon-day. Yet how solemn, and touching is the description, beyond every thing that the most laboured attempts could produce! A few times in my life I have felt much, when a preacher, or some pious, or perhaps uneducated person, has fallen unexpectedly on some sublime passage of scripture. Two instances of this kind occurred to me lately. I went a few months ago to hear a young man whom I knew when a youth, but whom I never before had an opportunity of hearing. His sermon was a chaste, masterly production. The attention of the audience was deeply engaged, and their feelings touched; but the effect was very visible on both cultivated, and uncultivated minds, when he quoted without apparent premeditation, that sublime passage of Habakkuk: "Though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Another instance occurred more recently. A pious and sensible person, but one who makes no pretensions to education or refinement, was addressing the Almighty. The manner was scriptural, and generally interesting, but when the words were uttered, "Thou hast a mighty arm," it seemed as if the electric wire of my soul was gently touched. On mentioning the circumstance afterwards to an accomplished lady, I found that her feelings had been similar to my own. From what has been said, you will perceive, that for a passage to be beautiful, it is not necessary that it should be highly figurative, and that no beauty, whatever may be its nature, is to be too eagerly pursued. If one should start up in your path, seize it, and make the best of it, only know where to stop, and never let it appear that you are "hunting" after it. Remember that the person who possesses beauty of any kind, should have the art of appearing unconscious of it.

PATHETIC PREACHING.

There are some preachers who are in considerable danger on this point. They have been affected themselves, and perhaps have been made the instruments of producing a sacred influence on the minds of others. I am well aware that there is no true religion without

feeling. A sinner feels himself in danger, when the commandment comes home; a believer feels himself safe, when he has redemption in the blood of Christ. But then this feeling must be regulated and guarded by knowledge, and it must acquire the firmness of principle.

It has to meet the chilling influence of the world; and to encounter the rude shocks of life. The man, therefore, who never labours to confirm his hearers in the principles of religion, leaves them under the influence of something that is extremely precarious, and they become the prey of mere animal excitement.

The pathetic preacher generally dwells largely on those occurrences in life, which bring into action our tenderest sympathies. The death of parents, of partners, or of children, are subjects congenial to his views and feelings, and they stand pre-eminent in his discourses. Circumstances of this kind have occurred to most people; they have occurred, alas! with awful frequency and poignancy to me, yet there are extremely few preachers whom I would thank for attempting to awaken the feelings of which they were the occasion. Those feelings are sacred; I love to cherish them, but grief has so many forms, and assumes so many aspects, that if even a man of true taste and sympathy were to make the attempt, he might fall a little short of the mark; and it is in sympathy as in poetry, he who misses, by ever so little of the top, comes to the bottom. And if this might be the case with a man of *true talent*, what wretched work must he make, who possess none of the necessary prerequisites? I have sometimes indeed, instead of being profited, felt completely indignant, when some *rude fellow*, attempting, as he has thought, to call up these hallowed recollections, has thrown his *butcher* hand among the tender strings, and has struck up every discord in my soul. A preacher will frequently feel, whether he is on the *mental key* of the generality of his hearers. If he is not, he may drag through, but it will be with labour and dissatisfaction. If he is right, he will proceed with pleasure. There will be a chording, so to speak, between his feelings, and those of his audience. He will perceive this in the deep attention which they manifest; in their sparkling eyes, and in their unconscious gestures. This coincidence of feeling is frequently produced without *great vociferation*, and animal excitement. I have known it to be the case in many instances, when the preacher has been labouring under bodily weakness, or mental dejection. Any thing that produces a chastened, and deep-toned feeling in the speaker, is favourable to the production of it in the hearers. It is not the thunder, it is not the whisper of the soul. It is like the breath of friendship, or the sigh of love. It is the intercourse of congenial spirits, in which language almost ceases to be necessary. But above all, it is produced by a deep, devout frame of mind. When a preacher of the everlasting gospel, after having prepared himself with the utmost assiduity, for his public exercises, retires into his closet, and bends his knees before the Father of his spirit; when he prays that he may feel more powerfully the responsibility of his situation; the value of immortal souls; and his own insufficiency; when "the Spirit of glory, and of God" rests upon him, and when he enters the pulpit thus prepared, it is not to be wondered at if it should produce effect. It is effect of the very best kind. It is the influence of Jehovah himself. Before this influence the stubborn spirit will bow, and the tear of repentance will start forth; the mourning heart will be comforted, and the believing soul will rejoice in the manifestations of the divine glory.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

If there be in the following remarks any sentiments, which the ladies deem heterodox, let their censure fall on our correspondent. For our own part, we utterly eschew the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, whether in reference to man or woman—husband or wife.

For the Methodist Protestant.

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A WIFE.

By marrying, you have committed yourself to the care of one whose province is to govern and direct; the duty on your part is, therefore, to submit and obey; agreeably to the command of Scripture, "wives submit yourselves to your own husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." This coincides with experience, for the wife being the weaker vessel, naturally cleaves to her husband, and expects from him all that assistance and support her situation requires. To render your life harmonious and comfortable, mutual deference and forbearance are absolutely necessary. If either party will keep in their own department, there will never be any

disputes about superiority or power. To promote and preserve the happiness of your husband, let your conduct be exemplary—your carriage easy, affable and kind; order in your house, and harmony in your family, are essential to happiness; guard against reserve—suffer not this dreadful enemy to social happiness, ever to enter. For like a canker worm it will ever be gnawing the breast of your husband, and eat away all your own happiness. Depend upon it that reserve evidences a want of esteem and confidence. Make no one your confidant but your husband, respecting those matters which relate to yourselves. Guard against disputes about trivial matters, for from things the most unimportant in themselves, arise altercations that are productive of the greatest evils; always remember, that two wrongs never make one right. Let your glory be in condescension, rather than in conquest. In the management of your family, strive to provide all things convenient without being extravagant; let your frugality be without meanness; the want of economy at home will make your husband extravagant abroad.

Is your husband persecuted? Does he meet with censure where he hoped for applause? Is his good, evil spoken of? Does envy shoot her envenomed darts at him? Does calumny spread over him, her monster-figured mantle? And malice wound him with her insidious bolt?—Where shall he find an asylum? To whom shall he flee for repose? Let him be always able to flee to the bosom of his wife; though the world should be shut against him, receive him with open arms; encourage him to make your bosom the repository of all his cares; though the world may frown, do you always receive him with a smile; endeavor with all your power to remove every object from his eye, every sound from his ear, and every impression from his memory that would be calculated to pain his heart; endeavor to divert him by your conversation; to cheer him by your smiles, and soothe him by your caresses. By the influence of your example, remind him of the God of consolation and Father of all mercies; if he cannot pray himself, for the anguish of his spirit, pray for him! Is he afflicted in body? Wasting away with pain or sickness, or racked with excruciating pain? Remember you will have to act in the double capacity of nurse and physician; your presence may shorten the long and painful night! your simplicity will alleviate the acuteness of his pain! your tenderness will soothe him to beneficial repose: thus the bed you soften, will become easy; the cordial you mingle, reviving; the medicine you administer, potent: and then how sweet will be the return of health; you have been the instrument of his recovery! finally, by endeavoring, like Zechariah and Elizabeth, to walk in all the commandments of God, blameless; your last days will be your best, and your setting sun go down without a cloud!!

"DRAWER OF WATER."

GATHERER.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Such were the respective situations of the rulers and the disciples, and such the state of things at Jerusalem, while the Captain of our salvation lay in the silence of the tomb. In this season the Roman soldiers were not the only guards of the sepulchre: the heavenly hosts were moved, the legions of God were arrayed, to protect the sacred deposit. The preparations were now fully formed in both worlds, and all things stood in readiness for the moment in which the arm of the Lord should be revealed. Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still and silent the hours passed on: the guards stood by their post: the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ exulted in their success, the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency, and in sorrow: the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning-star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken: an angle of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine-press alone: he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the

first-born in the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave: he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun issue in a day so glorious—it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Farther of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

THE VIRTUES OF IRRE LIGIOUS MEN AN AGGRAVATION OF THEIR GUILT.

If the virtues and accomplishments of nature, are at all to be admitted into the controversy between God and man, instead of forming any abatement of the enormity of our guilt, they stamp upon it the reproach of a still deeper and more determined ingratitude. Let us conceive, if possible, for a moment, that the beautiful personifications were all realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and the isles were glad at his presence; that the little hills shouted on every side, and the vallies, covered over with corn, sent for their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and moon praised him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration; that the voice of "Glory to God," was heard from every mountain, and from every water-fall; and that all nature, animated throughout by the consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation. Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions, where the all-working God had left the traces of his immensity, than from the tame, and the humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape? would you not look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field, than from the arid waste, where no character of grandeur made up for the barrenness that was around you? would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude, than the lowly shrub that grew beneath it? would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected, send forth a sweeter rapture than the russet-weed, which never drew the eye of any inviting passenger? And, in a word, a fair and long day of external prosperity, to those on whom he never vouchsafed in the least glance of his favourable countenance, yea, on the contrary, gives all the specious gifts to them, with a secret curse.

GOSPEL TREASURE.

Who, that is acquainted with the gospel, and especially with that Saviour who is one great theme of its anthems of love and praise, will not call its truths and its promises the best *treasure* of the guilty and burdened soul? If poor, do worldly riches leave us? Real wealth consists in the power of obtaining all that is good for us; but can earthly riches give us the pardon, the grace, the peace, and preparation for heaven, which the soul so absolutely needs; or can it impart to us union with God, the sense of his presence, the assurance of his love, a quiet conscience, and a rejoicing heart? He, and he alone, is really rich, who is rich towards God, rich in faith, rich in the unsearchable riches of the grace of God, rich in such a sense, that the world can neither add to his possessions, nor take from them,—and such is the wealth of the gospel. But is it, indeed, such a treasure? Let me then remember, that its riches are his, and I must search for them; they are beyond all price, and I must be willing to sell all that I have, in order to make them my own for ever. But who should hesitate to make the sacrifice? Assure a company of worldly adventures that a mine is hid beneath the surface of a particular mountain, and how eager is the struggle to dig the glittering treasure from its deep concealment. None that have a prospect of success in such an enterprise, hesitate to rise early, and late to take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness. Who, in such a case, counts the hours, or measures the labours, or regrets the sacrifices, which the pursuit of wealth, at the best so fugitive and imperfect, is sure to cost? How then can I hesitate to surrender all, if only I may win Christ and may be found in him? Oh the joy of turning from the splendid beggary of earthly riches, to seek the wealth and fulness of him who filleth all in all! Other streams are scanty, but the river of God is full of water—other streams, if clear and unruffled for a time, are at length visited by the storms, and defiled by the sediment, of the world; but the source of the river of life is too high to be sullied by any impurity, and its

channel too carefully and tenderly sheltered, to be swept by any tempest. It follows us like the miraculous stream in the wilderness, through every part of the desert of human existence. In the hour when every other spring of consolation is dry, it is in us "a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." Lord, give us, even here, of this water, and teach us to wait with joy for the delightful moment when we shall shrink it in still greater fullness and purity in the kingdom of our Farther.

REVIEWER.

For the Methodist Protestant.

(NO. VII.)

THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Eleventh Principle.—"The Church ought to secure to all her official bodies the necessary authority for the purposes of good government; but she has no right to create any distinct, or independent sovereignties."

So the church has secured to herself, in her official bodies, all necessary rights and privileges; but, she has not created any power superior to herself. The Methodist Protestant Church acknowledges no human supremacy, in matters of faith and christian practice. Nor is it reasonable to fear that that religious community will ever be guilty of self-destruction by taking the poison of an earthly supremacy.

We will briefly review the whole matter from the beginning. Mr. John Wesley and his coadjutors preached the gospel; the Lord Jesus Christ was with them; thousands embraced the conditions of salvation. A numerous body of Christians was raised up—they were as lights in a benighted land. These Christians were entitled to all the rights and privileges of the first disciples. Did the Apostles found the polity of the primitive churches on the principle that it was their exclusive prerogative to ordain every thing, and to controul every preacher and member of the church in all things of a prudential character? The Apostles never made any such pretensions. But the great and good Wesley proceeded on that principle. As he himself states, he had the exclusive power to govern every Methodist.

Two local preachers came to America, preached, and some believed. Other preachers came, and more believed. A number of societies were raised up. The independence of these United States was soon after acknowledged, and the Methodist societies were formed into church—into an *episcopal* church—a church having no other principles for its government than the will of the travelling preachers who formed that church. To be sure, those preachers laid down principles, and did not govern themselves nor others without written law. But as we said just now, their will was the rule. That church never had any other rule than the will of its travelling preachers. The most friendly, and undisguised, and manly, and christian-like attempts, were made to convince the travelling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church, that it was unscriptural and unreasonable for their will to be the rule of the church, but they would not be convinced. And lo! There is a new Methodist Church, of which we will say somewhat more, even though we may repeat some things which have been already said.

Elementary Principles—a written constitution adopted by the church—*THE BIBLE*—civil and religious liberty. Need we more? The organization of the church is such that it permits improvements as experience may demand.

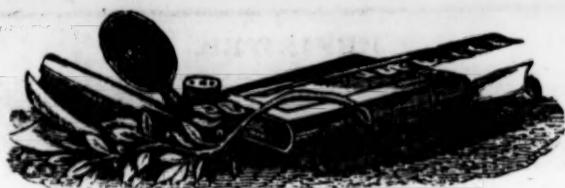
No term of church-fellowship or communion is set up in this church, but such as are in accordance with the New Testament. Each church has independent rights of property, with full and exclusive powers to regulate its own temporal concerns. The churches are independent in all matters not delegated. The same is true of the annual conferences. The churches to be represented in the General Conference. So that the government is so constituted that every adult male member in full membership is represented—each church is represented. From one end of the connexion to the other, the government is one of churches, through the medium of their representatives. The Annual Conferences are, as respects each other, independent, co-equal, local governments. The General Conference will be the union of all, and be superior to all. "For two governments of concurrent right and power cannot exist in one society. Superiority must, therefore, be conferred on the general government, or its formation, instead of promoting tranquillity and prosperity through every part, would produce perpetual discord and disorder."

To conclude: The principles of government of the Methodist Protestant Church so operate as to secure in-

dividual liberty, church rights, the integrity of the representative principle. The people are as much a part of the general conference, as they are a part of the annual conferences. The legislative, executive, and judicial powers, are separate and independent, in all important particulars.

More of power, greater liberties, no people could have, for their rights and privileges are in their own keeping.

LAICUS.



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1831.

VIRGINIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

A correspondent asks where this body will hold its next session. Can the President inform us?

CONNEXION OF CHRISTIANITY WITH POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

To those, who have been in the habit of considering the Bible, as a system of opinions and precepts, connected exclusively with our religious nature, it may seem visionary to term it, an active political agent. A little reflection, however, will show the propriety of the phrase. Christianity views man, both as an individual and a social being. It hath determined and regulated his duties not only to the Creator, but also to his neighbour. It hath set forth principles, designed to shape and influence his conduct, whether in his natural relations, as father and son, or social relations, as governed or governor. From it may be derived a knowledge of all the inalienable rights and imperative duties of humanity. Consequently, it must be a political agent.

Its activity in this character is based on the disposition of the mind, to be greatly influenced in its habits of thinking and believing by religious creed. Thus, the vice of the free-thinker is presumptuousness; that of the devotee to authority, contemptible timidity. The one transcends the limits of human investigation, the other foolishly contracts the permitted sphere of thought: for the former, in denying the existence, or the revelation and Providence of a God, must necessarily be in danger of misapprehending the objects of human knowledge, and, by the boldness and impiety of his inquiries, lays himself open frequently to the charge of rashness;—whilst the latter, confounding the traditions of men with the commandments of God, carefully confines himself within the hedge of authority, and thus becomes characterized by narrowness of thought and imbecility of spirit.

A third person, giving all credit to the word of God, and no more than due deference to that of man, may be placed in opposition to both these characters. Neither rashness nor timidity can be charged upon him. Whilst he learns from the Bible, the fallibility of his nature, and the circumscribed range of human knowledge, he is also instructed to call no man master, but to exercise fearlessly his divine right to freedom of thought and action. Hence, humility and independence alike are inmates of his bosom. Under the influence of the one, he reaches not after forbidden objects; he is cool, cautious, and self-distrustful in his deliberations; modest, though firm in his decisions. The other feeling preserves him from a blind acquiescence in human dictation, whether its pretensions be supported by greatness, antiquity, or universality.

We know not why the soul is thus apt to take its general cast, from its religious creed, unless on account of the deep-rooted reverence of human nature generally

to some form of religion, whose image is ever present in the mind. Religious feelings and opinions, it may be, are deemed so sacred and vitally important, that whatsoever other opinions are incompatible with them, in letter or spirit, are discarded.

We said that religious creed is apt to give character to the mind and its opinions. Hence, also, we may infer the intimate connexion of the Bible with the civil condition of mankind. In order, however, to judge aright of the political influence of pure Christianity, we must contemplate its effects, when most perverted from its original character and design. We know that two distinct orders exist in the Christian church, designated by the terms "lay" and "clerical." In direct opposition to the word of God, as most Protestants conceive, the former order, in one branch or more of the Christian church, has been deprived of its inalienable rights, and the latter has assumed unnatural and unscriptural powers. To the one is denied all right of private judgment in matters of religion or ecclesiastics, while the other claims the authority not only of judging in such matters for themselves, but for their lay-brethren. In a word, in all things pertaining to the spiritual and ecclesiastical relations of laymen, the clergy have claimed and exercised unlimited, unparticipated authority. We need not declare openly, to what church or churches this description applies.

This form of religion and church polity, we take to be directly at variance with the spirit of Christianity, and to produce corresponding political effects.

It is reasonable to suppose, that a clerical order such as we have mentioned, would be generally disposed to look with an evil eye upon a liberal form of political government; that both from fellow-feeling, and arguments, founded on self-interest, they would naturally favor that condition of things, in which the people are altogether debarred from exercising the right of self-government. Accordingly, history & observation tell us that the most virulent enemies of liberal institutions, are despotic clerical rulers. Remembering this, in connexion with the following reasons, we may easily perceive, how the members of a church characterised as above, acquire a strong hostility to free political governments.

1st. Their sentiments, tastes, and antipathies, are chiefly formed by their ghostly advisers. Spiritual rulers, from the peculiarity of their office, derive a wonderful influence over mankind. Their duty emphatically is to act on the spirits of men. Now according to the good or bad character of those rulers, will be the nature of their peculiar influence, and proportionate to their abilities of action, will be the amount of their power. Supposing them to be men of much ingenuity, and to possess, as may be expected, an habitual fondness for despotism, they would be apt to teach the people that self-government is a dangerous thing—a cause of anarchy and woe; that it is inexpedient, a community should govern itself, for public affairs would interfere with its private duties; that one man, or a few, could take the burden of government entirely off the shoulders of the people, which would enable them to pursue their various avocations with more success, while at the same time governmental affairs would be conducted with less distraction, more secrecy, more energy and despatch. They would add, perchance, their interpretations of scripture in reference to these things, and enforce all by positive mandates, and threatened anathemas for disobedience. Moved hereby, the people will then feel the influence of the

2nd Reason. They have so long been used to receive the sayings of their priests, with uninquiring deference, that without any compunctions of self-respect, they shrink with horror from the idea of differing from them even in thought. So long have they suffered their spiritual rulers to think and believe for them, that their minds have become as those of children. For want of

due exercise, their faculties have grown timid and imbecile. They begin to believe, as their superiors teach, that the question of political government is, at any rate, nothing more than one of expediency. Conscious hereupon of their ignorance, and of their utter unfitness to govern themselves, they also are ready to conclude, that self-government is a dangerous thing—too onerous for their feeble faculties.

Finally, the Third reason comes in to determine their decisions; moved by which, they are ready to admit that it is right, one or a few should rule them irresponsibly. For, if in matters where the *eternal interests of the soul* are involved, God has seen fit they should submit their judgments implicitly to a few expounders of his word, certainly it is fit, that a few persons more enlightened than they are upon such subjects, should make whatsoever rules they see best for the regulation of their merely *temporal and social* relations. Let the mind once become habituated to succumb to human authority in religious matters, and it will not be slow to submit to like authority in political. He who will sacrifice his independence in church, will do the same in state—a monarchist in the one will be a monarchist in the other.

Let us now consider the very different effects of pure Christianity. It has always given me great delight to contemplate the religion of Christ, as a system containing principles which directly sanction that form of government, in which the important right of self-rule is acknowledged and exemplified in every department of the state. We believe it, indeed, to be essentially republican in its tendencies. Every where it encourages, nay, demands freedom of investigation. It every where supposes or asserts the complete equality of mankind, in rights, obligations, merit or demerit. In it, there are no modifications of doctrines, ordinances, or institutions, corresponding to the factitious and diverse distinctions characterizing human beings. The Christian reads in the Bible of the universality of the fall, and the conditional universality of redemption. Prince and beggar are involved in the same depths of depravity; prince and beggar may ascend to the same heights of glory, but both must travel the same path. The institutions of his religion, he learns, are ordained equally for all. There is not one altar for the rich and another for the poor; the high places of the temple for the honorable, and the lower seats for the unknown and despised. He perceives that the Bible recognizes none of the distinctions of wealth, rank, birth, or office, which are so apt to dazzle the superficial or prejudiced mortal. He learns, that of one blood, God made all the nations of the earth; that he is no respecter of persons; that he is wroth with the proud man, who, rejoicing in an outward show of superiority, endeavors to steal the admiration and reverence of his fellow-beings, thus robbing the Almighty of what belongs only to Him. From the Bible, he also learns, that perfect equality is the characteristic of the Christian church. Servility on the one hand, and domination on the other, titles and unchristian preferences are utterly inhibited. Can it then be possible, that the Christian, after having thus perused the Bible, will rise up from his meditations, with any other than republican feelings? Certainly not: for since his Heavenly Father recognizes no inequality among men, neither will he. And as his Heavenly Father has expressly forbidden all claims to distinction or domination in the church, which is His own kingdom, the Christian will deem such a divine government the fittest model for all earthly ones.

We might say much more on this part of the subject, but we will pass to a review of some historical events, for the purpose of sustaining what we have asserted in reference to the political influence of Christianity, both in its pure and perverted state.

In those countries, where the influence of a corrupt and an ambitious priesthood is most felt, and where men

are accustomed to submit most slavishly, in religious matters, to authority, we behold a people most unfit to govern themselves, most greedy of tyranny, and most submissive to despotic authority in their political affairs. By so much as christianity throws off from itself the corruptions of self-constituted human authority, and comes to exert its proper influence on mankind, we see the people resisting political tyranny, understanding better their political rights, better fitted for the duties of self-government, and approximating to that condition of things, which we term republicanism. For proof, look at Italy, where spiritual tyranny has its seat; then at France, whose clergy, in denying implicit allegiance to the Pope, and yet requiring the same allegiance from the people, loosened, but did not break the fetters of authority which had bound the subjects of that kingdom. Mark, in what proportion the political condition of the latter, rose above that of the former. Then contemplate Germany and Switzerland, where religious liberty has prevailed far more than in the last kingdom; and see proportionably how civil liberty has abounded. Look then at England, which can boast of a greater amount of religious liberty than exists in any kingdom in Europe; and does she not glory with justice in the superiority of her political institutions? Now we cannot but attribute these differences, to the different forms under which religion is entertained by these different nations.

It is curious to observe the conjoined progress of true Christianity and political liberty in England. Henry, the 8th, little thought when he declared his independence of the Papal See, and himself the head of the church, that he was taking a step which eventually would lead to the overthrow of the high prerogatives pertaining, he imagined, to the kingly character, and favor the establishment of the rights of the people. Yet such was the fact. Men had been accustomed, we know, to regard the Pope as God's vicegerent on earth; as the supreme authority in the church, whose word was law in all spiritual matters. They could not then, but have been surprised when they saw his authority disputed, his decisions contradicted, and his anathemas defied by their own sovereign, whom all thought sound in the faith and of good understanding. Hereupon they began to think. The incubus of authority which had long deadened their energies, being thrown off, they started up vigorously, and having the example of their sovereign, thought it no harm to think for themselves. Such investigation, while it served to convince them more and more of the absurd prerogative, assumed by the Popes, did not in any degree contribute to create a reverence for the authority which Henry now assumed. If the Popes, who for centuries had held supreme spiritual authority, and who claimed their powers by direct descent from St. Peter, were not to have their pretensions respected, certainly Henry, who was born amongst them, who they well knew, from a caprice of his own, constituted himself head of the church, was not to be looked up to as being infallible.

Subsequently to this, Christianity being more and more understood and appreciated, began to exert its peculiar influence on political affairs. Those, who dared to call in question the prerogatives of Queen Elizabeth, were men who more than their contemporaries were under the influence of Christianity. Puritans, reformers in religion, were the first and principal reformers in state. This is an important fact. Reformation in religious matters had become prevalent among the people of England, before the revolution took place, which in its final effect, established right against prerogative, restricted kingly authority, and enlarged the privileges of the people. And it is no exaggeration to say, that the unrivalled political freedom of our own country is the offspring of the pure christianity of our Fathers. It was revived religion, directly and by the influence of its example, that moved our fathers to resist oppression, and procured for us the blessings of the freest constitution on earth.

We need not then be so much surprised at the recent spectacle presented by the revolution in France. As a curious circumstance, and adding a little more weight to what we have said, we may introduce the fact, that even in that country religious reformation had partially taken place; which so far as it went, we are justified in believing from preceding examples, had its influence.

What the future influence of religion may be in view of the political condition of men, would be a very interesting subject for speculation. All we have now to say is, if our reasonings have been correct, wheresoever pure christianity shall be known and appreciated, liberal political institutions will ultimately prevail. Christianity is to be the religion of the world;—may we not then hope that finally, our own happy civil constitution will be the model of all earthly governments?

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County, Dec. 10th, 1831.

Dear Brother,—The prospect of our increase as a church, has, I think, never been more flattering, (in this section at least) since our first organization, than at the present time.

I received a letter a few days past from a preacher of the Methodist E. Church, which states that not only himself, but three others, named in the letter, have got their eyes opened. The writer earnestly desired information on the subject of Reform. I had no discipline to dispose of, but wrote him an answer on the 8th inst. in which I advised him to apply for the Protestant.

The cause of reform, I perceive, would spread rapidly if the public could have information so as to understand the real merits of the subject.

Yours in the bonds of peace.

ALEX. ALLBRIGHT.

For the Methodist Protestant.

ALABAMA.

Greensborough, 3d, 1831.

We have had several Camp Meetings in this state this year, all of which were pleasant and profitable. The last was in November, and was thought by many to be as good as any, if not the best they ever attended. Harmony prevails amongst us, and at our conferences all fears died, and the hopes of opponents were disappointed. Our course "is onward" &c. Union and undefiled religion, are our watch words; the word of God our guide. With these, we expect to face the armies of the aliens, for with such weapons "two can put ten thousand to flight." With prayer to God for his grace on our Zion, I subscribe myself your brother in the bonds of a free and peaceful gospel.

JAMES MEEKS.

For the Methodist Protestant.

VERMONT.

Weathersfield, Vermont Dec. 2d, 1831.

Mr. Editor,—In compliance with the terms proposed for payment in advance for the second volume of the Mutual Rights and Methodist Protestant; I herein enclose and transmit to you in full for the same.

The matter which your very useful and highly interesting paper contains, is a source of singular benefit and consolation to the friends of reform in these northern regions, and though the circulation of your periodical is not very extensive in the vicinities contiguous to the place in which I reside; yet I am strong in the conviction, that could a preacher who is amply qualified for elucidating the principles of reform, pass through this section of the country, and give the subject a public investigation, the influence exerted thereby, would be strong and powerful.

Notwithstanding, there is nothing at present moving here, which causes any particular excitement in regard to this subject; yet I can assure you, that in relation to its importance, people's minds are not altogether asleep; the secret inquiries which are begotten, and which have for some time existed in the minds of many of the members of the old church in regard to the propriety and utility of its present ecclesiastical polity; are neither few nor small; and I am led to think, yea firmly believe, that from evidence too strong to be doubted, that could the necessary information be given, and the help

be afforded which the cause demands; a number of societies might be raised up, which would prove very valuable and powerful auxiliaries in advancing the cause of religious light and liberty.

In regard to the prosperity of Zion in these regions, God has been doing wonders of late. In this town about one hundred and fifty souls have recently been brought to the knowledge of the truth, of whom, about one hundred have united with the Congregational Church; a goodly number with the Methodist Episcopal Church; and some have not yet united with any denomination. In some of the towns adjoining, the Baptist Churches have had large accessions of joyful converts, crowding the gates of Zion, while many sin-sick, broken-hearted mourners are enquiring the way, with their faces thitherward. Information of this kind I think must be highly interesting to all the friends of the Israel of God. The Lord hasten the happy period, when the cry "come over and help us" shall no longer be extorted, but when every department of God's moral vineyard shall be amply supplied with faithful labourers, who shall be co-workers together in building up the kingdom of the Redeemer in the world, which is the sincere prayer of your unworthy brother, in the bonds of a peaceful gospel.

ROBERT WHITE.

OBSERVER.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

It is curious to trace the successive steps by which the tone of society and of public feeling is affected. Where a little knowledge of so many points is requisite, two consequences obviously follow. The one is, that there can hardly be any profound literature; the other, that there must be a popular literature; a literature which shall supply in an easy and ready way, such a portion of information, as is necessary for the daily purposes of daily life. Such a literature we have in an eminent degree in the present day, and we have scarcely any other. Short histories, short treatises on every subject of science, and familiar explanations of every thing that is difficult, issue in vast abundance from the press; and the demand for them proves but too well, that there is either little time, or little taste, for any thing of a superior nature.

But it would be comparatively well, if the plague stopped here, and if men descended to no lower, more shallow, or more deluded source, for the nourishment which they seek. But in *good truth*, a large portion of the public is supplied with all it knows by the periodical press—the monthly, the weekly, the daily surveyors and distributors of intellectual food, for the reading public. They who cannot read a volume however small, may find courage or time for an article in a journal; and they whose digestion is too weak for the articles of a journal, find their appropriate meal in the articles of a newspaper. Men go to these works to have their feelings roused, their passions stimulated, their vanity flattered, their indolence of mind conciliated, and to gain what they mistake for information. The principle, too, on which these works are written, is a very artful and very curious one.

They are written on the assumption, that the reader's education and knowledge are such as to make him competent to judge of every matter, human and divine; and to solve every problem in legislation, politics, and religion. In these publications, such problems are perpetually proposed; and matters, on which the wisest and most thoughtful men have found the utmost difficulty in deciding to their own satisfaction, and which they never allowed themselves to approach but when they had stored their minds with vast information, exercised them by patient thought, and opened them to general and comprehensive views, are decided at once and peremptorily by men of limited views, limited knowledge, and violent passions. But this is not the worst. If these men decide as if *ex cathedra*, and on the assumption that they were, in some marvellous manner, constituted judges of all the profound and perplexing problems of the world, they would at once fall into the contempt and neglect which they deserve. But they not only speak as if they were qualified to discuss such questions, but as if their readers were qualified to decide on them, and they accordingly appeal to their readers as competent judges and arbiters on these mighty questions. It is, indeed, obviously their interest to enlist the readers on whom they depend for gain, on their side; and they cannot take a shorter method than by the use of that practical flattery which finds its way to each man's heart, with a facility proportioned to the absurdity of addressing it to him.

What can be a more hopeless state of the mind than this,—to be ignorant and incapable of the labor of thought, to be persuaded that we are wise, and so turned away from the only hope of cure, to have all our

pride fostered, and our evil passions increased by practical flattery, and by finding ourselves appealed to as competent to decide on every remote and difficult question, and thus to be abused into the belief of every falsehood, and every wickedness, which our flatterers desire to impose on us! This is, indeed, a lamentable state,—and to a great extent, it is the state of the public mind at the present day. But the picture is not complete, if we only look at what concerns the intellect. Let us see how the case stands as to the benefit or injury done to the taste and moral feelings by the periodical literature of the day. While I freely admit, that occasionally writers of higher talent and better feelings contribute to the journals, I may safely appeal to every candid judge to decide, whether the greater portion of their contents is not equally injurious to the taste and to the heart. Sometimes the writers aim at effect, by exaggeration of language absolutely ludicrous, sometimes by detestable flippancy; and they have unhesitating recourse, if they wish to produce a laugh, to a vulgar slang, which before the present day, would never have been admitted into conversation, far less into writing. Any means, in short, are resorted to, to produce effect. Like a painter, who is contented to catch the eye for the moment, by the brilliance of his coloring, without any regard to truth, these writers seem to think that they are at liberty to exhaust language and feelings in producing striking lights and shadows, careless how far their pictures may resemble the sober truth, or produce the effect, which, to a healthy mind, may be derived from regarding the whole complex of human life and human society in its every day dress.

But not only is the taste degraded, but the moral feelings are injured, by this class of writers. How can men be daily and hourly conversant with virulence, with arrogance, with sensuality, and derive no evil from its contact? We may feed an animal with madder till its bones are red; and if the daily nourishment of our hearts and minds be slander, party views, hatred, and sensuality, we shall, beyond all question, inflict a deep and deadly stain upon our moral nature. Yet this is the food which we derive ourselves from the papers and journals which crowd our tables, and which we unhesitatingly present to our children. What we see and practise every day, ceases to shock and astonish us. But when another and a better state of things arises, it will hardly be believed, that Christians, that fathers, allowed such brutal pictures of brutal profligacy as are found in the daily papers, to be put into the hands of their sons and their daughters, to corrupt and defile the young heart with the knowledge of vice. It will hardly be believed, that a state of things existed, in which, to satisfy a jaded and unhealthy appetite, the journals, even the literary journals of the day, were crowded with the personal histories of retired and unobtrusive men, who were dragged before the public, to give amusement to a morbid and disgusting state of the public mind and feelings. It will hardly be believed, that for a long series of years, under the pretence of giving due chastisement to folly or to dulness, the most virulent hatred, the most bitter and truculent personalities, found a place in the literary journals, and a greedy reception in the "Reading Public" —that the only question was, who was to be next gibbetted—who next insulted, injured, and held up to scorn and contempt, who was to be the next victim of a system, based in a love of lucre, and nourished by the most abominable hard-heartedness and bitterness of feelings.

ROSE.

CENSOR.

CANDOUR.

We make the two following extracts from a new edition of that interesting work, just published, entitled, "Plan of Salvation," by Rev. Asa Shinn.

Why is human nature so very prone to be uncandid? Because truth requires sacrifices. Idols must be abandoned, and crosses must be taken up. Our nature is reluctant to submit to this; hence we first wish the subject may not be true, and then resolve that we will not believe it. In this state of mind, we are grieved at the evidence which besets us, and then are angry at the force of it. We hate to give credit to the subject, and then madly determine, that we will not believe. Reason, conscience, and revelation, may appeal to us in vain; for all argument is lost upon us.

This disposition shows itself to a great extent, in the irreligious world. In many instances, it produces a confirmed infidelity, and in others, a kind of accommodating morality, which leaves most of the vices of the human heart undisturbed. Dr. Reid has been, and will continue to be, unpopular among philosophers, for this reason only, that the whole theme of his investigation

holds mankind to a strict responsibility. For the same reason, Dr. Young has been, and will continue to be, unpopular among the poets. His Night Thoughts are rejected, because, it is said, their author was melancholy. The truth is, they exhibit a force of unanswerable argument, that this is in reality a melancholy world; and that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, but to fear God and keep his commandments. This is the positive state of facts, supported by a vast variety of incontrovertible evidence; but they are facts which human nature is unwilling to believe: hence the evidence is rejected, and Solomon and Dr. Young must pass, among the inhabitants of this merry world, for poor spirited, melancholy drones. And pray tell us, will the hospitals and infirmaries, the vexations of the living, the groans of the dying, and the grave-yards all over the face of the globe, prove this to be a very amusing and merry state of existence? These solemn truths are looking us in the face, by day and by night; yet a laughing generation will not believe their testimony; but on the contrary, will sneer at their fellow-creatures for exhibiting the solemn state of facts, which nothing can resist, but that obstinate prejudice which sets all evidence at defiance. The jovial wits of the day, think it quite sufficient to dispose of the arguments which they cannot answer, by calling the authors of them melancholy! When death comes upon them, and judgment follows, with all their serious consequences, can they dispose of the evidence of these solemn realities, by a similar stratagem? Truth will then have a hearing, whether they are willing or not, and will demonstrate, that their want of candor to its dictates, has been the parent crime, which has given strength to all the impiety of their lives.

But is this evil confined to the irreligious world? Would to heaven it were so! but prejudice is such a disease of human nature, that it works its way into the heart of the christian churches. It has corrupted and disgraced the profession of religion, ever since the flood. It influenced the surrounding nations, to reject the religion of Abraham. It led the priests and people of Egypt, to disregard the miracles of Moses. It set a-nought the prophecies of Isaiah, and cast Jeremiah into a dungeon. It cast Daniel into the Lions' den and bound Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the burning fiery furnace. It rejected all the miracles performed in the land of Judea, even the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead, and finally crucified the Lord of Glory. It stoned Stephen to death, cast Peter into prison, and bound Paul with two thongs. It produced ten successive persecutions in favour of paganism, and stained itself with the blood of the saints. It burnt to ashes John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and persecuted Luther to the day of his death. It lighted the fires of Smithfield in the days of queen Mary, and executed many of the most irreproachable christians. It cut off the ears of the Quakers in New England, and hung four of their preachers. It mobbed the followers of Mr. Wesley, and abused some of them almost unto death. It persecuted many of the first Methodist preachers, who landed in America, and cast several of them into prison. It expelled many ministers and members from the M. E. Church, in Tennessee, in North Carolina, in Baltimore, in Lynchburg and in Cincinnati. It keeps the several churches of christendom, as aliens and barbarians to each other, and gives infidels a plausible excuse for vilifying the Christian religion. In a word, it sets on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of Hell.

And will christians still tolerate this monster, because it is supposed necessary to support their respective parties, and their respective creeds? It is a most deplorable fact, that bigotry can be found no where, in a higher tone, than in the sectaries of christendom. No order of deists or atheists upon earth, are more uncandid, than some of the highest professors of christianity! and too many appear to think, that an habitual want of candor, with a fixed and high tone of sectarian partiality, are not at all inconsistent with unsullied purity, and christian perfection! This shows that the subject needs investigation; and that christians have not devoted that attention to it which its importance requires. We might as well say pride, anger or covetousness, is consistent with perfect love, as to say sectarian bigotry is consistent with it; for the former have never proved themselves more malignant in principle, or more destructive in effect, than the latter. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether Mahometanism, or any system of paganism, has ever produced a more obstinate, uncandid habit of the mind, than is evinced in several of the established parties of christendom. Clear argument is not more effectually lost upon idolaters, savages, or even atheists

themselves, than upon some of the highest professors of religion. These things ought not to be; they are a deplorable barrier, to the progress of christian truth through the earth; and they furnish infidels with one of their most plausible objections against our holy religion.

PRIDE.

What is humility? Mr. Law says, "as all virtue is founded in truth, so humility is a true sense of our weakness, misery and sin." To shorten the definition, we may say, humility is an honest acknowledgment of the truth, concerning ourselves. As God never requires of his creatures to believe a falsehood, humility does not imply, that any man should have an opinion of himself, below the reality; but that he should sincerely acknowledge the truth, concerning his own character. From this definition, it plainly follows, that any man who is disposed to contend for the propriety of pride, is an advocate for deceit. For pride is, to think more highly of ourselves, than we ought to think. That is, dishonestly to claim something, in behalf of ourselves, which is not founded upon the reality of our character. Yet philosophers are advocates for pride. Hume is an advocate for it in his system of morals; and he classes humility with penance, and the other "monkish virtues." The most charitable thought we can entertain for this philosopher, is, that he did not understand the subject he was writing upon. For if pride consist, as it certainly does, in a false claim of something which we do not possess, who can defend it, without being an avowed advocate of deceit and hypocrisy? That is, an advocate for one of the most odious traits, belonging to the character of the devil! But is this all we mean by humility? merely that a man should acknowledge the truth, concerning himself? Yes: this is all. Who then is not humble? Why, nine hundred and ninety nine, out of a thousand, according to this definition, are not humble. They are making claims, in behalf of themselves that have no foundation in truth, and therefore they are all making false pretensions. These constitute the very essence of pride, which is always the offspring of a deceitful heart.

One claims to be admired for his birth; another for his wealth; another for his strength; another for his talents; another for his dress; and another for her beauty. Meantime what is the voice of truth, concerning all these things? Why plainly, that all these things are the gifts of God, and that it is perfectly false and absurd, for mankind to claim the merit of any of them. Pride claims the praise that is due to God alone; and therefore carries falsehood, theft, and blasphemy in its bosom. It aims to be a god, and to dethrone Jehovah!

Is not some praise due to mankind, however, for their industry, their acquired wisdom, and their virtue? But pray, how many can be found in the whole family of Adam, who have much of these qualities to boast of? The bulk of mankind are inexorably indolent, ignorant, and vicious. And shall such low, degraded sinners, be lifted up with pride? Look at the deceit, the frauds, the robberies, the debaucheries, the oppressions, the animosities, the wars, the bloodshed, and the persecutions, which make humanity bleed at every pore;—and who will say such a horrid race of beings deserve to be praised and admired! Man may be called emphatically, a proud apostate. He is a consequential, vain spirited rebel against heaven; and while wallowing in the mire of iniquity, he wants to have the praise which is due alone to heavenly virtue! What depth of meaning is in that saying concerning our Saviour,—that being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself! Any being, indeed, who is found in the fashion of man, has cause to humble himself; for human nature is inexpressibly humiliating, to all who are connected with it. If Jesus Christ humbled himself, because he was found in our fashion, how humble ought we to be, who partake of all those odious corruptions and absurdities, which he was entirely free from! There is not any other race of animals upon the face of the earth, that exhibits a thousandth part of the foolishness and inconsistency, exhibited by the race of Adam. And yet we think we have cause to be proud, and to look out for abundant praise! Such absurd pretensions are shocking to heaven, to reason, and to every principle of wisdom and moral virtue.

What man living can look back at his whole life, without finding cause to be ashamed, instead of being proud? If his whole history were written, from the time he left the cradle, without the omission of a single circumstance, would he be willing to see it published to the world? And why not, if his is a praiseworthy character, that ought to be admired? If he be unwilling to have his entire heart and life exposed, he surely has

abundant cause to put a low estimate upon himself; and if he wish to conceal the reality of his history, and receive the praise due to an opposite character, what can be more manifest, than that pride founds its claims upon falsehood? To say nothing of the higher crimes of the individual, the instances of his inconsistency and absurdity, have been sufficient to humble him all the days of his life. How often has he tormented the hearts of his father and his mother by the meanness, obstinacy, and offensiveness of his conduct? How hateful has his conduct often been, towards his playfellows and youthful companions? And since he has had a family, how many have been the instances of pungent grief which he has produced in the heart of his bosom companion? How often has she felt a sword pierce through her soul, on account of his unkind, inconsistent and ridiculous behaviour! And shall such a creature swell with his imaginary consequence, and look out for the praise and admiration of every beholder? So says pride; but common sense says, there never was a more ridiculous thing among men, than is this consequential false pretender. Man is the only creature on this globe, who possesses the faculty of reason; yet what *beast* can be found in the creation, whose conduct has been so unreasonable, as that of man! And man, vain man, pretends to be an honourable creature; and looks out for the *praise* of the whole creation! Historians, poets and panegyrists are called into requisition, to sound his fame, and to "wash the Ethiop white!" He wants his *crimes* transformed into *virtues*, and wishes the sublime splendor of his dignity to be *immortalized*! Such empty and irrational haughtiness must be astonishing to all heaven; and who can be surprised at the righteous indignation of our Almighty Creator, against the monstrous and vain pretensions of the human heart. The devil himself might be ashamed of making such false and foolish claims, as are made by Adam's infatuated children, for universal praise and admiration.—*ib.*

MISCELLANY.

THE IMPASSABLE BRIDGE.

In one of my late excursions into the country to preach the gospel to the poor, I met with a Christian brother in humble life, who had been distinguished for his uniform zeal and faithfulness in the cause of Christ. He had encountered many encouragements from his minister, from some of his professional brethren, as well as from a scoffing world, but had persevered not altogether without success, in his endeavors to arouse his neighbours and those around him, from their slumbers, and bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth. I had a curiosity to know the history of this man's religious experience—to learn what it was which originally gave him such an impulse, and had borne him on in such a uniform course of labor and self-denial in the service of his redeemer. I took an opportunity to state to him my wishes, and found him not unwilling to gratify me in this matter.

He proceeded with much modesty, and with every appearance of sincerity and truth, to give me substantially the following account.

'I was,' says he, 'awakened and I trust brought to repentance in early life. But being alone in my feelings, and living where I had none to encourage me, and where the church was not altogether in a desirable state, I neglected to progress in religion; and (after a season of enjoyment) I relapsed into a state of comparative worldliness. In this state I lived several years, performing some religious duties; and finding comfort in them, but neglecting others, and my heart often reproaching me for my unfaithfulness. At length it pleased God to visit me with protracted sickness. I was not dangerously ill, but my confinement was long and tedious. That trial however, produced no very perceptible change in my feelings. If it should please God to take me away, I hoped I was prepared to die. Or if he should restore me I thought I felt willing to live to his glory. But alas, I had no adequate conception at that time what it is to live to God's glory, or what is implied by such a course of life.'

"In this state of mind, I was gradually recovering, with a prospect of soon being able to resume my wonted labors, when on a certain night I had a remarkable dream or vision. I seemed to myself to be standing on an eminence, with a vast plain, steeply inclined towards a broad, dark river, stretched out before me. A wide bridge was constructed part way over the river, the farther end of which, was obscured in a thick, impenetrable fog or mist which lay along on the opposite side of the stream. To persons on the plain,

the bridge seemed to reach quite across the river, and to promise a safe and pleasant passage; but in my situation, I could distinctly perceive that it reached only till it had entered the mist, and terminated just beyond the middle of the flood. I saw but one way of approaching on the plain; but there were two ways leading from it. The one by the bridge already described, and the other on the opposite side of the plain, up a steep and somewhat difficult bank. The way to the plain was thronged with travellers, and the plain itself seemed covered with people of both sexes, and of all ages, ranks, and conditions in life. Every one of the immense multitude was busy, and many among them seemed as though they might be happy. The steep inclination of the plain gave a constant and strong downward tendency to those who came upon it, so that every step the multitude in general were insensible verging towards the bank of the river. The consequence was, that while only a few attempted to get from the plain by means of the passage on the upper side of it, thousands were crowding to the bridge, and vainly thinking to pass over it in safety. I saw them enter upon it and rush gaily along, flattering themselves that there was no danger, and that soon they should be beyond the deep waters, till presently, they entered the mist, and were hidden from the eyes of those who followed, when they dropped one after another into the stream, and sunk in its dark flood to rise no more. I continued looking at this shocking spectacle, till my heart was full—ready to burst—and in the effort to cry out to the deluded throng who were entering upon the bridge, or were about to enter, Stop! Stop! I awoke—and it was a dream.

"But though it was a dream, the impression it made upon my heart was indelible. I have never lost it, and I never shall. The vision, I saw at once, was full of meaning. The plain is the world. The bridge is the broad road spoken of by our Saviour. The path up the bank represents the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life. And seeing as I constantly do, thousands and thousands of my fellow creatures, jostling down the steep; pressing towards the bridge, crowding upon it, heedlessly thinking it will carry them safely over and not dreaming of danger till they make their last plunge, and are gone forever: seeing all this continually passing before my eyes, how can I hold my peace! How can I cease to cry in the eyes of deluded mortals around me,

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before your father go!

"I am blamed, and have been, for saying and doing so much on the subject of religion. But I blame myself for not doing a great deal more. The vision, though years have now passed away since first I saw it, is still before me. The feelings which I then had, are fresh upon me. And while these remain, I can never cease to warn the wicked of his way, to tell him of the impassable bridge and the devouring flood, and to point him upward to the path of life.—*Spirit of the Pilgrims.*

REAL BENEVOLENCE.

For two or three Sabbaths, a tattered object of poverty was observed to join with the worshippers in the Protestant Methodist chapel, newly opened in the city of York. He entered the edifice, as one who wished to elude observation, and hide his miserable rags in a corner. Last Sabbath-evening, he again attended, shivering with the inclemency of the season, his apparel scarcely covering his person, much less answering the purpose of adding to his warmth. Notwithstanding his retired manners, however, he was seen, and pitied. One of the congregation, whose course of action seems to be formed upon the apostolic maxim—"My brethren, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth," imparted to his necessities. He relieved him in a way which caused a smile upon the countenance of many who witnessed, though it was in a manner more bountiful than the usual modes of charity. *He actually took the coat from off his back and gave it the destitute stranger.* Let not our readers imagine that this act of benevolence was performed by one who had a carriage in waiting, to convey him through the cold—or who had a servant in readiness to despatch for another garment from his well-stored wardrobe—he was a *journeyman stone-mason*. His name has been told us, but we shall not publish it—it is known unto his "Father who seeth in secret," and with whom a cup of cold water given to one of his faithful worshippers shall not go unrewarded.

[*Protestant Methodist Magazine.*]



POETRY.

Few, if any of our readers have seen the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, a promising periodical, which flourished for a season and then died, for want of patronage. The author of the following beautiful effusion, which it furnishes, will easily be recognized as well by the character of the poetry, as the initials of the signature.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

Silence was on her throne—the moon and stars,
Hush'd by her lifted finger, softly walk'd
Their azure pathway; and the quiet earth
Had not a rustling leaf, for the lulled winds
Slept in the hill-side shadows, and the trees
Lean'd o'er their images, that were all still
In the unruffled waters.

There were tents
White in the mellow moonlight, and there slept
A host of noble warriors, all as still
As though the camp had been a field of tombs
And all the host were mould'ring. Here and there,
The armed sentinel paced to and fro,
Or wond'ring at the beauty of the scene,
Or, musing on the future, gazing sad
Upon his shadow, feeling that his life
Was transient likewise, and would disappear
I' the night of death, as disappeared the shade
When the moon darken'd, and the influence
Made all its outlines blend in fellow gloom.
The instruments of battle, fraught no more
With human vengeance, lay as harmlessly
As when they slumber'd in their native hills—
Unto the thunder, and unstain'd with blood.
The banner, that had wav'd o'er fields of slain,
Was now its bearer's pillow, and he dream'd,
With his head resting on rent folds, of love,
And fire-side peace, and female tenderness.
That sleeping host concentrated in itself
The hopes of a wide world. Fell tyranny—
The fiend grown gray in short'ning human life,
Who joys the most when joys mankind the least,
And scourges most who lowliest submit,—
Had spread his sails, and push'd his gilded prow
From a small isle, and o'er the trembling sea
Pursued his scornful course, and, landing proud
Upon this mighty continent, had call'd
The nations to approach and kiss his rod.
His helm was like a mountain, and his plume
Gloom'd like a cloud; his lifted sword far shone,
A threat'ning comet; loud his thunder voice
Demand'd death or crouching; and his stamp
Shook the firm hills and made the whole earth reel!
Many had gone—led by the hand of fear—
And knelt unto the monster, kiss'd his rod,
And pointed at their brethren's breasts their swords.
But these had seiz'd their weapons, and stood up,
E'en in his very shadow, and his threats
Answer'd like men, and rang their shields for war.
But hitherto these valiant ones had fail'd
In the fierce conflict; and in rest were now
Waiting the morrow and a deadlier shock.

But one was watchful at that silent hour,
Whose heart had gather'd to itself the cares
Of all his struggling brethren, and was sad
That still success was herald to the fiend.
Out from his tent he came, and, when he heard
No sound, he joy'd to think that wo had not
So heavily press'd upon the sleepers' hearts
As on his own; and then he felt a weight
Still heavier fall upon himself, as thought
Pictured the thousands trusting in his arm—
The slumberers round—the nation's aged ope,
Whose dim eyes ceaseless, wept o'er scenes of blood—
The mourning widows, clasping to their breasts
Their famish'd infants—and the virgins pale,
Bereft of love, and in the arms of lust
Dying a thousand deaths!

On the bare earth
He knelt in supplication meek, and humbly laid

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

Beside him, his plumed helmet and his sword,
Unsheath'd and glittering, and ask'd of God
To look on him, all helpless, and to bless
His nerveless arm with might and victory—
To smile on his worn warriors, and awake
Spirit and fire in ev'ry languid pulse—
To frown upon the tyrant, and destroy—
And bid the mountains sing from pole to pole
The song of liberty, and the free waves
Clap their glad hands and answer from afar.

God heard and answer'd;—and the Spirit of Strength
Walk'd in the camp, from tent to tent, and breath'd
An iron vigor through the sleepers' frames,
And in their hearts a courage ne'er to quail.
And Weakness sought the valley where the foe,
Pillow'd upon a hill, stretch'd his huge length
In cumbrous slumber; and his giant limbs
Grew soft as babe's; while Mock'ry sooth'd his soul
With dreams of speedy triumph and rich spoil.
And Truth came down and charm'd the suppliant
With promise of deliverance soon to be.—
And o'er the mountain-top came young Success;
The sentry had not hail'd her as she pass'd,
But shut his eyes in fright, and thought he saw
A ghost, nor dreamed that she could leave the fiend.
Washington rose in peace, replaced his helm
Upon his brow, and sheath'd his glitt'ring sword,
And felt a power was on him none could stay!

Oh! I have read of chieftains who call'd out
Their banner'd multitudes, and circled round
The noon day altar, and anon look'd up:
While the white-bearded priest plunged deep the knife
In fellow flesh, and bathed himself in gore,
To appease the gods and gain celestial aid!
And I have read of armies, front to front,
Pausing in awful silence, with the match
Blazing o'er loaded cannon, and bright swords
Flashing in vengeful hands; while solemnly
Uncover'd chaplains bow'd between the foes
And pour'd their mingling prayers—ere death began
His sacrifice unto the Prince of Hell!
But this was gilded seeming—a mere show,
To warm the vassal soldiers to high thoughts,
And make them glow for carnage—not for right.
'Twas mumbling prayer to God, with lips profane,
While their hearts wish'd the answer of a shout
From the excited ranks—the cry for blood.
They look'd upon their warriors, as their dogs
Are look'd upon by sportsmen; and they hoped
That solemn mockeries might their men inspire,
As gentle pannings fire the unloos'd hound;
And all their plan was but to curb their rage
'Till it grew fierce, then burst the bands and urge
The hosts to slaughter!

Pure Sincerity
Delights to kneel in solitude, and feels
God's presence most where none but God beholds.
And when I think of our high-hearted chief
Watching while others slept—swelling his soul
To sympathize with thousands, yea, to care
For others' cares, while by themselves forgot—
Joying to find repose had quieted
The tents of all around, yet keeping far
Her presence from his own; and when I think
Of his humility at that still hour,
Amidst that placid loveliness of scene—
Of his divestment of self-strength, and deep
And fervent longing for Almighty aid—
I feel as if Sincerity did smile
Upon that hour, and name it in her joy
The Eden of duration! purest page
In the truth-written history of time!
Surely that quiet scene was fraught with life,
And circling angels wonder'd while they heard
The hero's soul expressing secretly,
And sacredly before the all-seeing God,
No care—no wish but for his country's good!
And wonder'd—nay they wonder'd not that God
Should sanctify the life-destroying sword—
For 'twas thy sword, O sainted Washington!

T. H. S.

In Christ we see the most perfect exhibition of every grace to which we as his followers are called. Let there be but in us that disposition to bear with provocations, and forgive injuries—that obedience to God, and acquiescence in his will—that perseverance in doing good; that love which overcometh all difficulties—that meekness, humility, patience, compassion, and gentleness, which was found in Christ, and if any man should be so ignorant and debased, as to imagine that this is not true dignity of character, let it be remembered, this was the mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Remittances on account of this paper, received and thankfully acknowledged, from the following persons, viz:

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We have special acknowledgements to make to several writers and friends which will appear in the second volume—and had we time they should be made by letter—but this is impossible. We are debtors to many, for their repeated acts of kindness.

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Protestant Church, in the Pennsylvania Conference District, who are subscribers to the Church Periodical—also, those whom Books have been forwarded.

The various requests of the Publisher of our paper and Book Agent, for funds, induces me to request brethren to make immediate remittances, that the aid, so reasonably solicited, may be rendered without further delay.

K. S. CROPPER,
Steward Pennsylvania Annual Conference.

December 19th, 1831.

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